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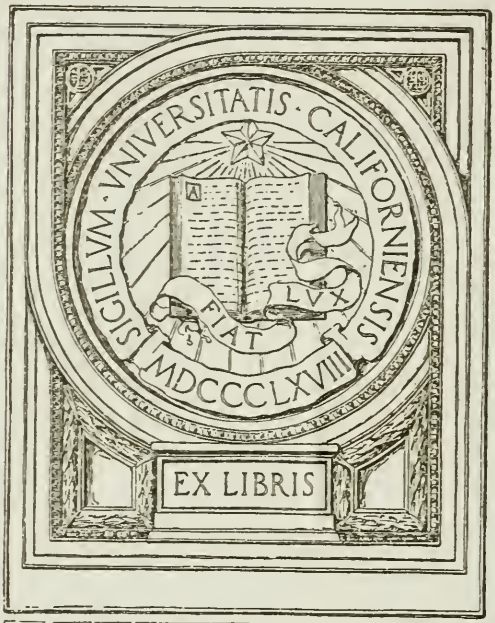

Normal Exponent

January 1903

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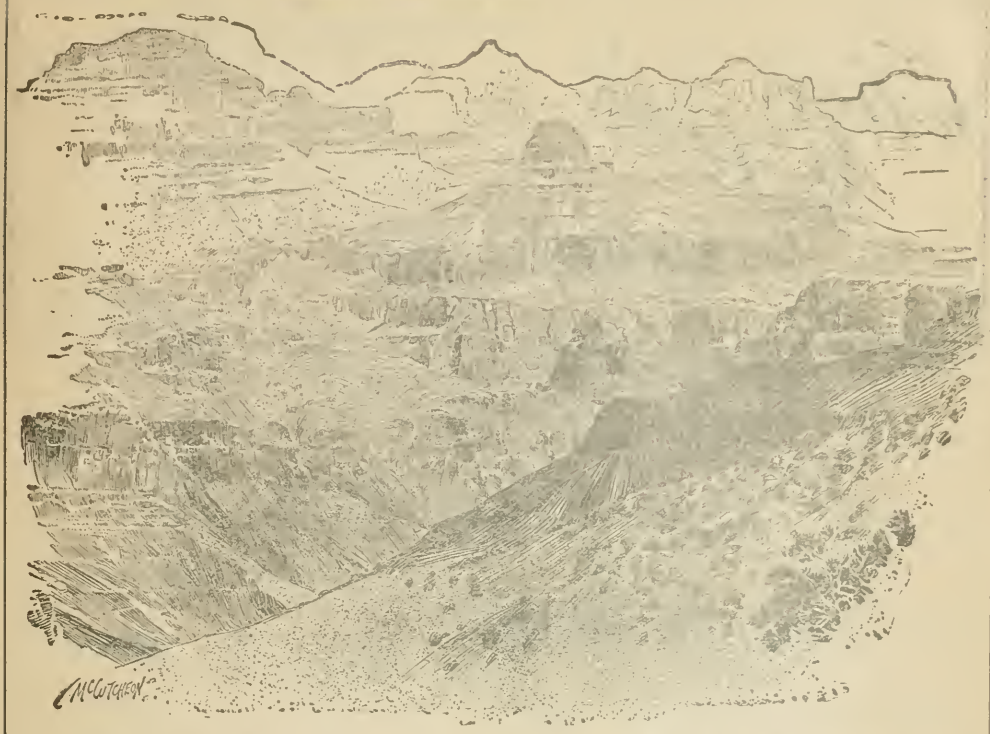

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30 STYLISH LASTS
Daintiest Dress Shoes to the Sturdiest Street Boot
ONE PRICE ONLY $3.50

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Senior was talking very seriously to a girl in the first grade. When she finished, the child looked up in the Senior's face and said, "O bughouse."

Miss Welte to the first grade: "I want you to assume a correct sitting position and maintain it." (General uproar in class.)

Sixth grade teacher (after reading about Ben Adhem to the class): "Who can tell us why Abou's name led all the rest?"

Young Hopeful: "'Cause it came in alphabetical order."

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Miss Dunn (rushing into room G): "Girls! if I hear another loud voice in this room, I'll turn it out and lock it up."

Mr. Van Neumeyer: "Mr. Carner, can you recapitulate what I said in the last lesson?"

Mr. Carner: "Yes, I can, but I have a bad cold."

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BY BUYING THEM SECOND-HAND AND BY EXCHANGING YOUR OLD ONES FOR NEW AT
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Miss Sherwin: "Miss Brousseau, did some one read the invitation we sent to the faculty? Did they invite the husbands and wives of all the teachers?"

Miss Brousseau: "I did not hear about the husbands and wives."

The photographer, when taking the Senior A picture: "Will those two young ladies with black ties keep their mouths shut?"

Helen and Stella won't wear black neckties when they have their pictures taken again.

Mr. Anderson made a very good fire in Room J one day, and Ruth Prescott told him that he would be able to obtain a good position in the next world.

Great Reduction Sale
Now going on at the
Wonder Millinery
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Is deserving of the very best in foot gear. Their duties demand much of their feet and the greatest

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should be theirs. It is also to their credit to be stylishly shod—which, with the quality and comfort have made the reputation of the

C. M. Staub Shoe Company

255 S. Broadway

There was a little creature,
So very, very queer;
They say she loves a lobster
Better than all else here.

She taught her many ologies,
To pupils over-wise.
And when she shook her little head
Her specs fell from her eyes.

She taught of lobsters, young and old,
She taught fresh lobsters, too;
And if the girls were not afraid,
She made green lobster stew.

Her little hand could illustrate
A palm leaf or hydra's jaw,
And her every movement spoke
Of nature's guiding law.

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Found in a book borrowed from Miss E-l-o-t—:

"Yes, I wrote the purple cow,
I'm sorry now I wrote it;
But I can tell you anyhow,
I'll kill you if you quote it."

He: "Is the blonde or the brunette most universally admired?"

She: "You must ask Miss R—ym—r, she has had experience in both capacities."

"The Lark" Brutally Slaughtered in Broad Daylight!—Remains Horribly Mutilated.

Mr. Ellis: "You can write, and let us know when you want the paper."

Miss Lea (anxiously): "Can I write to you?"

Mr. Von Neumayer has invented something new in Algebra. Here it is:

d+d+d+d=P (at end of the term.)

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PRESCRIPTION
FRED DETMERS OPTICIAN 354 S. BROADWAY
Oculist Prescriptions a Specialty
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

In sloyd room: Miss L—"Which way of the goods do you cut this?"

In sloyd: Miss Cobb—"How can I make a square ole in this board?"
Miss Morrison—"Can't you bore one in it?"

How did it happen that Mr. Beezemyer lent a girl a pencil with Lela Gugg's name on it?

Miss Elliot: "Tell me about Wallace, Miss Kane?"
Miss Kane: "Do you mean the fish story?"

Miss Seaman: "Explain the illusion to Abram's ram?"
Miss Osborn: "The clouds parted and the ram descended."

Miss Elliot: "What Teutonic races settled in England?"
Mr. Howland: "The Franciscans."

Miss Seaman: "Where is the scene laid?"
Miss Kane: "In the moonlight." (Was she dreaming?)

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Good Shoes

You wish, there is no footwear so rich in material, so superb in design, so absolutely correct as Cummings shoes. Moreover, at high or low prices our footwear is sold at a legitimate profit. You never pay for style alone, you always receive full value at all prices.

Our "Non-Crack" Dressing preserves as well as beautifies the shoes.

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KNABE PIANOS

The fruition of over three score and ten years of intelligently persistent, carefully directed effort—

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A thousand and one details of piano perfection embodied in one harmonious whole.

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CRITIC TEACHERS

That "death loves a shining mark" was never more strikingly exemplified than when, on the 17th of September, 1902 Mrs. Kate D. Pollens was suddenly summoned to stand in the presence of her God. As a clap of thunder from a clear sky came the announcement, "Mrs. Pollans is dead," thrilling the entire school with an oppressive sense of the uncertainty of life and of the importance of readiness when the dread messenger shall knock at the door.

To none, perhaps, could the call have been more unexpected and by none less dreaded. Endowed by nature with a loving and trusting soul, and trained by the trials of life in the school of devoted service and self-sacrifice, she lived in an atmosphere of constant readiness to respond to the Master's will; and whether that will was to expend her strength in the interest of others or to fly to the bosom of the Father, her attitude was, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Beautiful in form and feature, her external appearance but reflected the charms of an inner grace, and the gentle demeanor was but the natural expression of a heart full of genuine sympathy.

Her life, though brief, was an unbroken sacrifice to duty, full of good works and loving kindness; and for her awaits a crown of rejoicing at the Great King's coming.

OUR FACULTY

NORMAL DEPARTMENT

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President,
School Economy.

Isabel W. Pierce, Preceptress,
English.

Charles E. Hutton, A. M., Registrar
Mathematics.

James H. Shultz, A. M., M. D.,
Physics and Physiology.

James F. Chamberlain,
Geography and Physics.

Sarah J. Jacobs,
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Kate Brousseau,
Psychology and Mathematics.

Agnes Elliott,
History and Geography.

Jessica C. Hazard,
Domestic Science and Domestic Art.

Dr. W. Small,
Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy,
and Supervisor of Training School.

Sarah P. Monks, A. M.,
Curator of Museum Zoology and Botany.

Josephine E. Seaman,
English.

Everett Shepardson, A. M.
Psychology and Pedagogy.

Charles M. Miller,
Sloyd.

Mary M. Smith,
Drawing and Sloyd.

Mary G. Barnum, B. L.,
English.

Lucy J. Anderson,
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Charles Don Von Neumayer,
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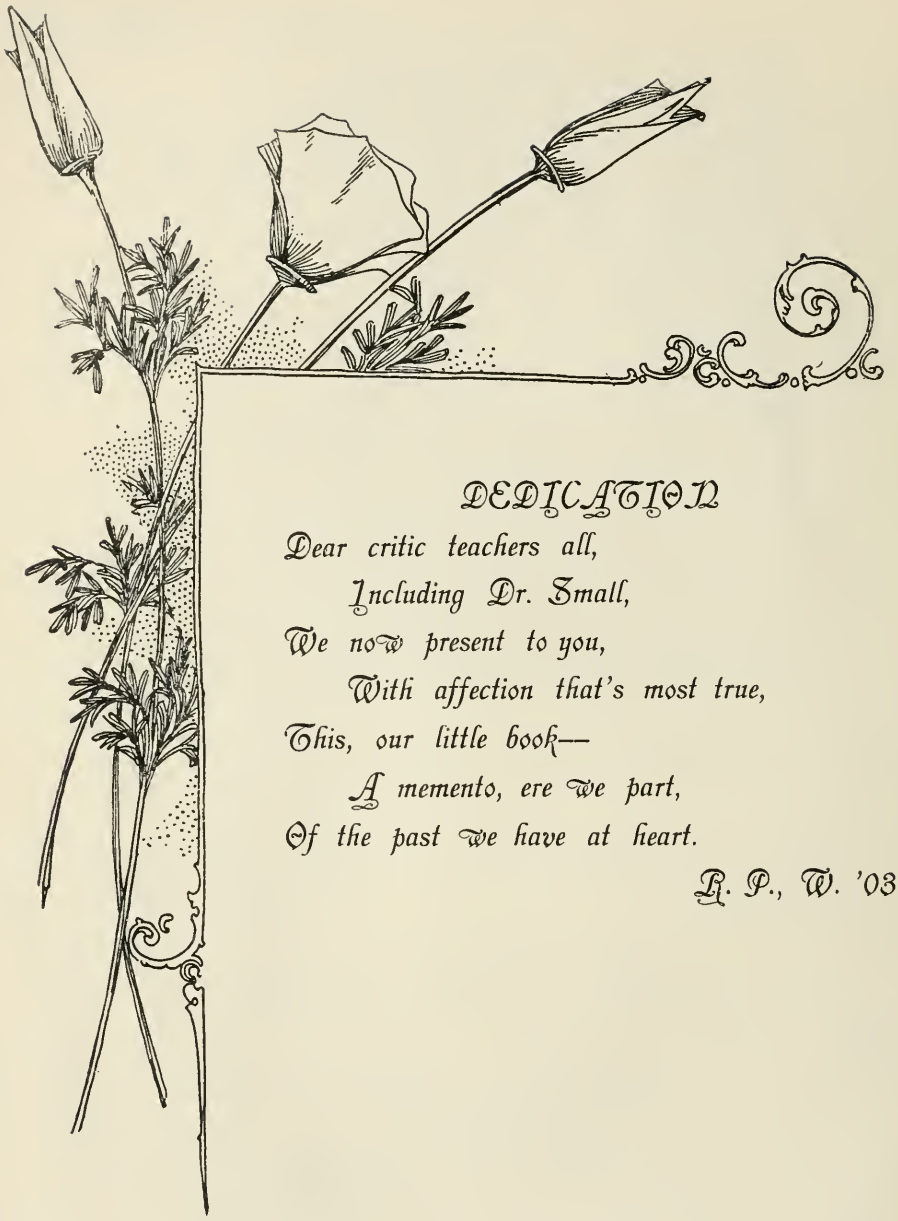
Clara M. Preston.

Frances Brown.



DEDICATION

Dear critic teachers all,
Including Dr. Small,
We now present to you,
With affection that's most true,
This, our little book—
A memento, ere we part,
Of the past we have at heart.

R. P., W. '03

SENIOR A CALENDAR

Sept. 2. School opens. All (?) Senior A's at school.

" 4. Receive assignments.

" 5. Meet critic teachers.

" 9. Begin teaching! ! !

" 15. Dr. Small arrives! ! !—?;?,!.

" 23. Louise Hoechlin reads from the platform.
Election of officers.

Oct. 8. Class meeting.
Discuss pins. Ermal Lea, class kicker.

" 15. Decide on class pins. Thanks to Edna Findley.

" 17. First graduate takes her leave.

" 20. Talk dresses. Decide we wear dresses.

" 21. Talk dresses. Decide we wear white waists and black skirts. .

" 22. Talk dresses. Decide we wear white waists anyhow.

" 27. Talk dresses. Decide we wear white waists and dark skirts.

" 29. Talk dresses. Decide we wear white dresses.

" 31. New Reading List posted.

Nov. 4. Holiday. Seniors sleep late in the a. m.

" 12. Class pins arrive.
Happy Senior A's.

" 13. Ladies' Home Journal man comes.

" 14. End of first ten weeks of teaching.
Tired Senior A's.

" 15. Class afternoon.
Class pose for photos.
Misses Findley and Rosenthal leave.

" 17. Louise Hoschlin eats some dinner.

OUR CLASS

It is absolutely unnecessary to remark on the superiority of "our class" over all other classes ever graduated from the Los Angeles Normal.

Prove our superiority? Certainly.

To begin with, the first day we came every one said: "Did you ever see such Juniors?" No one ever had and I doubt if they ever do again. One or two bright minds are occasionally met with in a section—but a whole entering class displaying genius pure and unadulterated! Such a thing was never before heard of. We attracted attention wherever we went. In chorus the vast assemblage of students would sit, hushed and awed, to hearken unto our grand and original interpretation of "The Watch on the Rhine." When we passed the library, Miss Dunn always ran to the door in hopes of gaining some hint as to the management of the school from the fragments of our conversation. We never feared Mr. Miller as most Juniors do. It was quite the opposite, and finally he came to have such confidence in us that he would sit in a corner and make paste-board houses while we conducted our own classes. As this was a perfectly harmless occupation and kept Mr. Miller happy, we saw that he was not interrupted. We were, above all things, a thoughtful class. We cherish many memories of our Junior terms, but, above all, the memory of our various excursions with Miss Monks. Once we went to San Pedro and there, as usual, outdid every previous class. We caught more devil-fish than any class Miss Monks had ever chaperoned. They really seemed to have a fellow feeling for us. Some of us remember eating pickled peaches with hatpins. If you don't believe that's an accomplishment, try it.

And so we grew and grew, till we came to be middlers. At this stage most classes hibernate. But, as I have said before, we were not like any other class, the middler stage only gave us a broader field for fame. Did you never hear of the M. C. C. C.? If not, look in the encyclopedia under Cake Club. You certainly remember the beautiful yellow and green curtain we bought for room I. Mr. Von Neumeyer helped buy it and then wanted his

money back when he saw the curtain. This showed very poor taste on his part, but we never could educate him up to that curtain.

At last we came to the final test of all classes—the training school! We taught children of all ages and conditions, and it was wonderful how we made use of the primary smile and learned the high signs for writing in the sixth grade. We went through them so realistically that it made one think of a college man greeting several of his Frat brothers in succession. The training school was vastly improved by our short stay. Bad boys are now unknown.

But with all our devotion to the training school we, exceptional class, found time to organize a rowing club! Think of it! Senior A's actually having a club, and that a rowing club, at which peanuts and popcorn were always in order.

Now we are about to leave you. Appreciating our own worth, we naturally sympathize with you in your sorrow at this time. But what can we do? Behind us we leave tears and before us there are scores of weeping trustees who must be turned away because our numbers are not great enough to supply the demand for teachers from the winter class of '03. R. P. W., '03.

"NORMAL"

I remember, I remember,
The Normal school so well;
That's where my reputation
All of a sudden fell.

That's where I made my blunders
Into every room I went
And when I disturbed the teachers,
Into the hall was sent.

That's where I got the reputation
Of always being late,
But then, I couldn't help it—
It was the will of fate.

That's where I lost my books
In front desk or in rear,
No matter where I put them,
They all did disappear.

That's where I use to whisper,
When I went to chemistry,
Until the teacher threatened
To charge me extra fee.

But *then* I was a Junior,
And now those days are passed
With me until my days are ended
Those memories shall last.

—A. E.

"QUO VADIS"

Act—Unconventional.
Scene—Say, for instance, Los Angeles.
Time—3:30 Wednesday P. M...
Dramatis Personæ—Just any nine young ladies.
Materials needed—Forty-five cents.

When nine young ladies have bound themselves by solemn oath to enjoy life on each Wednesday P. M., they must curb their entertainment to meet circumstances, or, putting it more plainly, purses.

To spend forty-five cents on nine young ladies is a difficult problem to solve, not because the immensity of the sum, however. Habitual loafers in Sixth Street Park may perhaps remember witnessing at least part of the solution on the corner of Grand and Fifth—not at the pop-corn stand, for that is on Hill, and besides pop-corn would have been so silly for the enjoyment of intellectual minds. Some weighty problem must be for such as they.

Did you ever pause to consider that there is more real mental activity necessary in taking a car ride than in—well—attending a Senior Seminar?

There is nothing unusual in the fact that nine young ladies should at a certain corner all get upon a Plaza car, and each in turn hand the conductor a nickel. Nor likewise is it queer that this nine should all transfer south on Spring. Often it is the case that nine young ladies get on the car at one corner; but it is not until they each ask the conductor for similar transfers that the other occupants of the car give that mysterious smile.

Running east on Ninth street, as some may know, is a car system. The cars make up in furnishings what they lack in number. There being only two on the line, they well can afford to be large and airy with upholstered seats and civil conductors. Civil! Why it was impersonated civility who took the transfers from our nine young friends. When one, she of a sober mien, asked if she could be transferred to East Mateo street, Civility deliberately pulled out a watch, punched a green bit of paper and extended

it to the questioner, only to be met with a demand for eight more.

Did you ever hear that there is an east end to Ninth street? Well there is—and, be it noted, the Los Angeles Railway Company has claims there. They can scarcely be called more than claims, altho' at one time they may have been cars. Spending the day in running the car between board fences and castor bean hedges, the conductors of the Mateo street cars have much time in which to meditate and to become very shrewd in affairs touching their profession. They are glad of passengers, even if the great number of nine compel the car men to keep on the outside. Should you wish, I am sure that you could have a whole book of tarnsfers from that line as souvenirs; the owner of them being so glad to dispose of them. This time the book was reduced *nine* in number. This car line stops at the Santa Fe depot, but the document it gives you is legal tender on the Seventh street car which passes that point bound for town.

Did any one ever wonder at the fact that nine people getting on a car at the depot should all transfer south on Spring and all take a Pico Heights car! It was somewhat unusual, however, to see nine young ladies with transfers in hand hastily beating a retreat from the back steps of an East Ninth street car because the conductor was Civility himself. The cars on that line run every fifteen minutes and a transfer is good for that long, you know.

When the shades of evening were lengthening nine weary wayfarers, with a new set of passports were seen to get on to a Central Avenue car north-bound, and from there to directly transfer to the Fifth street car, which is due at Fifth and Spring at six o'clock.

It really is a shame to think that you cannot go on, and always get as much for your money as possible; but then there is always the craving of the inner man to be satisfied at certain times in the day. At six o'clock by the faithfunl "General Arthur" time-piece in front of the Angelus, transfers to all parts of the city were given and nine young ladies stood on the backs of cars bound north, south, east and west, saying good-night and each waving a transfer in the face of an obliging carman.

R. E.S. '03.

II

THE GLEE CLUB

One of the phases of the work of the Glee Club that attracts the most attention is that of giving, to the students and faculty of the school, entertainments in which the best Los Angeles musical artists take part. It is often said that of the entertainments given in our assembly hall, those given by the Glee Club were the best. And it is with great pleasure that we look back upon the past term and see that the very bestenter tainment of the term was the one given, at the invitation of the Glee Club, by Miss Beresford Joy, contralto; Miss Lilla Fagge, violiniste, and Mr. Fredrick Hezmalhalch, tenor.

On the afternoon of December 20, the Glee Club sang at Simpson's Auditorium before the State Institute. This, with the Commencement and Class Day music, completes their program for the term.

The club is highly favored in numbering among its members the best musical talent of the school. Although several of the old members must bid farewell to the Glee Club at the end of the term, we sincerely hope that incoming classes will furnish material to take their places. And now, with our very best wishes, we bid them Godspeed for their future work. S., S '03.

'03

Grace Kent
Grace Bartlett
Stella Schmidt
Ellen Enright
Daisy Nelson
Virginia Hoteler
Victor Anderson
Emma Bercaw
Annie Jenkin
Agnes Wetzel
Ethel Fleishner
Gould Clotfelter

Myrtle Parker
Mable Parker
Hester Fish
Eva Mosher
Louie Whims
Constance Weite
Jessie White
Alice Wilson
Delphine Kennedy
Bessie Travis
Fannie Harley
Susie Sugg
Hortense Gibbons
Maud Bigelow

Eva Perry
Marie Widney
Abigail Baker
Ermal Loa
Virginia Butelet
Ruth Prescott
Ola Hollis
Grace Hendrie
Marie Canfield
Ethel Cable
Etta Couverley
Estelle Sherwin
Grace Wilson

OFFICERS.

President—Geoffrey F. Morgan.
Vice-President—Bert Carner.
Secretary—Stanley F. Howland.
Treasurer—Orville Howland.

THE work of the Young Men's Christian Association has been rather less active during this term than it was last. This is largely due to the fact that several of the active members, including two officers, are in the Senior class, and are consequently, on account of their extra duties, unable to devote much time to the work of the Association. Some work has been done, however, chiefly as follows:

A reception was given in September to the men in the entering classes. A Bible class was at once organized among the new members, under the leadership of Mr. Orville Howland. This class has been studying the life of Christ.

The visit of Mr. Colton, the Coast secretary, in November, was of especial interest to the Association, and a large porportion of the men turned out to listen to his valuable address. The Association would be vastly benefited by more visits from men like Mr. Colton.

During the Christmas vacation two delegates attended the Conference at Pacific Grove. This is the first time that the Normal Association has sent more than one representative, but the additional member was made possible by the generous assistance of the faculty and alumni. Those who went were Messrs. Bert Carner and Orville Howland. Under the leadership of these two men, who have returned full of inspiration and enthusiasm for the work,and methods for its accomplishment, the Association will surely achieve greater things in the future than it ever has in the past.

G. F. M.

CLASS RO(A)STER

NAME.	APPEARANCE.	HOBBY.	REMARKS.
Victor Anderson	"Slow but sure."	Mustache.	"Just one question."
Abbie Baker.....	Frank.	"Ferry Stories."	Have you see Eva Perry?
Grace Bartlett	Indescribable.	Pompadours.	Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Emma Bercaw	Happy.	Red.	Today is Gym. day.
Maud Bigelow	Majestic.	Ads.	My kingdom for an Ad.
			"When she will, she will, you may depend upon it;
Virginia Boteler	Auburn.	Gloves.	And when she won't she won't, so there's the end on it."
Marie Canfield	Angelic(?)(?)(;:—)	Bad boys.	"On the Pasadena car—"
Goda Clotfelter	Modest.	Roses.	Never known to make any.
Ethel Cobler	Changeable.	To be popular.	Mrs. B. says I will make a sweet Second-grade teacher.
Katherin Coglan ...	Seldom.	Pleasing the faculty.	Her thoughts were too deep for words.
Etta Couverley	Interesting.	Berkeley.	"Is she not passing fair?"
Ellen Enright	Scholastic.	Forgetting.	"Let independence be our boast."
Hester Fish	Regular.	Aquaria.	There are as fine fish in the sea as ever were caught.
Ethel Fleischner ...	Afterwards.	Blundering.	With all thy faults, I love thee still.
Hortense Gibbons ..	Sure.	Seminar.	I rise to a point of order.
Fannie Harley	Abundant.	Rights.	Class, I will now demonstrate.
Grace Hendrie	Madonna-like.	Restaurants.	Girls, isn't it time to eat!
Ola Hillis	Just like Laura.	Laura.	"Auntie says——
Winnie Jenkins	Petite.	Unknown.	Small but mighty.
Bessie Knapp	Artistic.	Geraniums.	With half-shut eyes ever to seem, Falling asleep in a half dream.
Grace Kent	Ruffled.	L(e)akes.	Veni! Vidi! Vici!
Dell Kenedy	Pleasant.	To be an artist.	Go where glory 'waits thee.

Ermal Lea	Poster girl.	The Peg Leg.	We refrain from making any.
Eva Mosher	Unable to ascertain.	Pomona.	Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Daisy Nelson	Mild.	Anti-fat.	'Tis only noble to be good.
Myrtle Parker	Solemn.	Note-taking.	No, I am Mvrtle.
Mabel Parker.....	Subdued.	To sit by Myrtle.	We were two daughters of one race; she was the fairer in the face.
Eva Perry	Solid.	Yard duty.	Short, but sweet.
Ruth Prescott.....	Military.	High signs in writing.	Phonetically speaking.
Stella Schmitz	Composed.	First grade (?)	Things are seldom what they seem.
Stella Sherwin	Freckled.	Curling fluid.	If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me, I had it from my father.
Bessie Travis	Open.	Van(s)	Children should be seen and not heard.
Susie Sugg	Prim.	To be learned.	Professor Shepardson says——
Constance Welte ...	Resigned.	First grade.	Girls, what *shall* I do?
Mary Willard	Trembling.	My pupils.	I studied 'till twelve last night.
Agnes Whetsel	With school bag.	Fourth grade.	I a mso hungry.
Marie Widney	Sedate.	Robert's Rules.	Oh! Robert.
Alice Wilson	Bleached.	Clean blackboards.	She hath done what she could.
Louie Whims	Could be improved.	Law(s)	None on record.
Grace Wilson	Worried.	Ties.	Will my picture be in time?
Jessie White	Winning.	Park excursions.	Last, but not least.

A SPRING SONG

I SAT beneath the Abeles old
  The meads were shot with green and gold,
And underneath my feet there rolled
  The silvery little Gad;
The cuckoo and the thrush were singing,
The sheep-bells on the hills were ringing,
  All life was gay and glad.

The busy babbling waterfall
Melodiously kept time to all;
The rich May music mystical
  Toned to the fresh'ning air.
Each rip'ning bud that open flies
Seem'd gasping with a gay surprise
  To greet a world so fair.

O lovely, lovely, lovely Spring!
O robed in sunbeams, bridegroom! king!
Breathe on my heart and bid me sing
  Or rather praise and pray.
For emblems are these sunny hours,
These golden meads and streams and flowers
  Of everlasting May.

ANOTHER SPRING SONG

(Apologies to Miss Hagan and Ciro Pinsuti.)

I sat within the school-house old,
(My object being sordid gold)
And underneath my feet there lay
A little hickory gad;
The school bells in the hall were ringing,
The children dear were loudly singing,
All life was gay and glad.

The busy babblink children all
With laugh and shout each other call;
The clear, shrill chorus rising high
Toned to the fresh'ning air;
Each hurrying child who schoolward flies
Stops, gasping with a quick surprise
To find the place so bare.

O lovely, lovely, lovely spring!
O robed in sunbeams, bridegroom! king!
Peace to my troubled spirit bring;
And bring relief just for today—
For emblems are these dreary hours,
These cares and tasks which fall in showers,
Of insufficient pay.

—V. B., '03.

JINGLES ON FACULTY

DON VON—

Don Von boyish,
Looking so coyish,
Filling the class with dismay.
Air distinguished,
Life extinguished
By the vowels that we say.

CHARLES MILLER—

Happy the student
And learned and prudent
Who heedeth the hand bent
And follows the twine.
Happy the Miller
When into his tiller
Rolls the bright siller
That sparkle and shine.

HATTIE DUNN—

O, she is so very gruff ,
And she never had enough
Of giving you a puff
About your awful gab.
But underneath that wrinkle
There is a little dimple
That never fails to twinkle
When giving you a jab.

Mr. Dosier—

Mr. Dosier lay on his mother's knee,
And saw what the floor looked like;
And when she was done,
Mr. Dosier begun
To think he was out on a strike."

Misses Jacob & Seaman—

Jacobs and Seaman went up the hill
To get to school on time;
One was out of breath and the other red,
And this concludes my rhyme.

Miss Dunn—

Miss Dunn's a tartar,
When after the martyr
Who talks in the hall.

Miss M. Anderson—

You would not think, if you did not know,
That Sister Lucy has a beau (bow);
'Tis big and black; it is, in fact;
It nestles where her hair is stacked.

Dr. Small—

Noise and racket, racket and noise;
Kindness to girls, more to boys;
More gymnastics, air, and sun;
This is the motto of our Small one.

Kate Brousseau—

You have been good to us, Miss Brousseau;
You have rendered our last days best;
You have jollied us, joked away our woe;
And helped us all from our Normal nest.

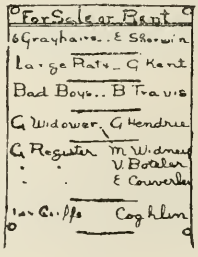
THE RIGHT SPIRIT

THE right spirit! When did you first hear this time-honored expression? Or it may be more to the point to ask, when did you *last* hear it? Still better to ask the Senior when she last *used* it.

Oh, the scenes it brings to mind! Once you pulled a big cold button off your apron and dropped it down the back of the little girl in front of you, who thereupon gave vent to the desired squeal. You stayed after school and were told you did not have the "right spirit." You may have had the measles or the mumps, but if you didn't have the right spirit nothing counted. The little girl who squealed had the right spirit. You didn't know it then, but now you know that was why you liked to hear her squeal. Anyway, you dodged her for fear you would catch it. You need not have feared, however, the right spirit is not at all contagious.

And what of the last time you heard this expression? Well, that is growing personal. You know Miss Eliott says we cannot judge justly of historical events which happen in our own time. And so it is with the right spirit.

Lastly, oh, Senior, when did you use this well-worn phrase, A squirming youth is held by the steel of your glance. "William," says the voice you keep up your sleeve, "you do not manifest the right spirit. Observe Jonathan; *he* has the right spirit." William casts one disgusted glance at the meek Jonathan and inwardly decides that Jonathan has the right spirit and has it bad, and that he is not going to catch it if he has to wear a bag of asafetida to keep from it. R. P.



SOME DEPARTMENTS

CLASS OFFICERS

MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

Y. W. C. A. OFFICERS

Y. W. C. A. WORK

IT has been said that this is an era of organizations, and a moment's reflection proves this assertion to be true. There are millions of organizations maintained for as many purposes. But there is no organization whose aim is broader or more lofty than that of the "World's Young Women's Christian Association," which embraces students and associations of every country, and whose chief aim is to elevate and refine womanhood to the highest standard of Christian service.

Upon entering college the average young woman is thrown upon her own resources to settle new questions and to face new difficulties, and it is to help this "average young woman" to find Christian friends and help that the College Young Women's Christian Association is today finding its open door for practical service. The College Association aims, with its jure social life and its various spiritual departments, to surround young women with such pure and noble influences that they will have no inclination to indulge in questionable pursuits; furthermore, it aims to lead young ladies to accept Christ as their personal savior, and so become the "Daughters of a King."

The Los Angeles State Normal Young Women's Christian Association is a part of a world-wide movement, and it has striven to keep step with its sister associations all over the United States by corresponding with State Normals where there is a strong Y. W. C. A. through our Corresponding Secretary, Miss Dawson, and by following, as far as practicable, the new methods of work which our last year's Capitola delegate brought home to us; this last has been such a valuable help that we hope next year to send two or three delegates to Capitola.

A brief resume of this term's work shows that efforts to do aggressive work have been very successful. A suggestion of the work being carried on in the various departments is as follows:

The Religious Meetings department, of whom Miss Clay is chairman, has had charge of the devotional meetings held every Friday afternoon, and of the weekly noon prayer meet-

ings held in conjunction with the Y. M. C. A. The first meetings have been led by ladies from neighboring colleges, faculty members or capable students, and have had an attendance varying from twelve to fifty; the joint noon prayer meetings have been led by lady and gentleman students, who have alternated in proportion to the size of the respective organizations. The World's Week of Prayer was observed by holding daily noon prayer meetings, led by faculty members and the Presidents of the two Associations. The attendance at these noon meetings has varied from fifteen to seventy-five.

The Missionary department has started a circulating library of practical books for Sunday reading, and has organized a Mission Reading Circle, which meets one Sunday afternoon of the month and is led by Miss Sessions, the chairman of the department. The Reading Circle furnishes material for the programs of the Missionary meetings, which are held once a month.

The Bible Study department has succeeded in organizing three strong Bible classes; the first, under the leadership of Miss Graves, is using Sharman's "Studies in the Life of Christ" as a text-book, and has a membership of twelve; the second is following Mr. Don O. Shelton's "Character Studies in the Old Testament," and has an enrollment of ten young women, who take turns in leading the class; the third includes those students who follow some plan of Bible study at home, for instance, the International Sunday School lessons, and who have not the time to spend the class hour required by the other two courses; this class has twenty-five students enrolled.

A new finance system has been inaugurated by which we hope to solve the problem of raising money for our Capitola delegates next May. The Treasurer, Miss Fuller, who is chairman of the Finance Committee, reports that so far the new system has worked splendidly.

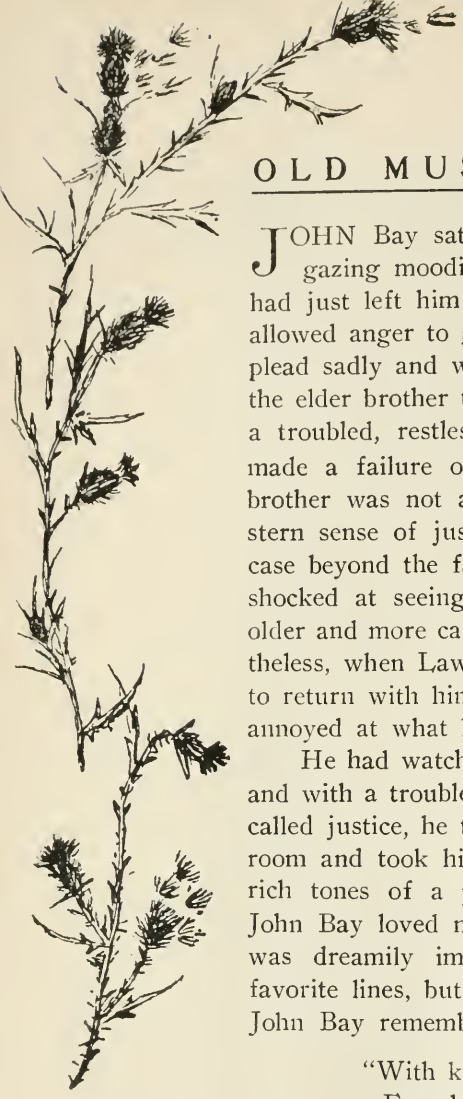
The Membership Committee has tried to welcome and help the new students who entered in September, and, judging by the forty new members received into the Association since then, the committee has done very creditable work under the chairmanship of Miss Pearl Thompson, who reports a membership of one hundred and seventy active and associate members.

The committee having charge of our room has done its duty so faithfully that the room has been a delightful retreat to us all. Through the efforts of Miss Stearns, the committee's chairman, we expect soon to have a lovely new book-case for it.

The department that interests and reaches the most students is the Social department, and under the guiding hand of Miss McCall, the social functions of the Association have been generally voted a success. In September a receptoin was given to the new students in conjunction with the Y. M. C. A., which consisted of a program of literary and musical numbers, followed by a promenade, in which all took part, and refreshments. A new and pleasant feature of the social functions this term has been a Hallowe'en party, held in the lunch room on the evening of October 30th. The Y. M. C. A. joined with us in giving the party. Including faculty members, there were about two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen present. By appropriate decorations and a subdued illumination the lunch room was transformed into a weird cavern. A short program consisting of ghost stories and songs was rendered, and the even was spent in consulting the three witches, who were robed in black and disclosed their suppliant's future happiness or fate in three respective ways, namely: by brewing tea, by reading the palm, and by using fortune cards. The committee is now planning to give a very unique party for young ladies in the gymnasium, which promises to be a great surprise and a lot of fun. The event will be announced as a "Bloomer party," and the surprise will not be divulged until the event occurs.

Although the work has been progressive and fairly successful, there is still much to be accomplished. We hope eventually to have every member of the Association an active, energetic committee worker, and when this has been accomplished we shall expect to reach more girls, and thus become a more powerful organization in the school, working for that which will build only noble, refined and well-rounded Christian characters.

EDITH M. GRAVES.



OLD MUSIC

JOHN Bay sat in his well-appointed bachelor's apartments, gazing moodily out of the window. His younger brother had just left him after a painful interview in which John had allowed anger to get the better of him, in which Lawrence had plead sadly and with little of his old-time spirit. But now, as the elder brother turned to the window, anger left his eyes and a troubled, restless expression took its place. Lawrence had made a failure of his life; John had prospered. The elder brother was not a heartless man, but he had cultivated a too stern sense of justice and had failed to think of his brother's case beyond the fact of his failure. Tonight, however, he was shocked at seeing how broken and old his brother seemed—older and more careworn at thirty than himself at forty. Nevertheless, when Lawrence had begged him, not for the first time, to return with him to the old home, he had been impatient and annoyed at what he considered his brother's weakness.

He had watched Lawrence stumble wearily down the steps, and with a troubled conscience, but stubborn pride and what he called justice, he turned to go to his room. As he reached his room and took his seat, from an open window next door the rich tones of a piano sounded and someone began to sing. John Bay loved music, and leaned back to listen. The singer was dreamily improvising her accompaniment and choosing favorite lines, but the words were from an exquisite song that John Bay remembered as one of his mother's favorites.

"With klingle, klangle, klingle,
Far down the dusty dingle
The cows are coming home.
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go.

* * * * * *

Far down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home,
And old-time friends and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days,

Come trooping up the misty ways
When the cows come home."

Where had he heard that song last? He wearily closed his eyes and thought. He had it all now, the whole picture,—a wide verandah, cool, fragrant lawns, brilliant moonlight, and his aunt inside the open window, singing,—the sweet-voiced, beautiful Aunt Lillie whom the children loved, no more than a dear memory now. She had sung this song in just this same dreamy, irregular way—improvising, repeating, trying it with different music—from the dear, old-fashioned airs. They were all gathered there then; father, mother, brothers and sisters. Lawrence and he were here now; far away at home, their father was longing for their return; the others—John Bay unconsciously wrung his hands and shut his eyes to keep back the stinging tears. And Lawrence, bright, handsome, sunny Lawrence, everyone's favorite and his own special charge and pet—the sorrowing man stifled a groan as the old tenderness for the little toddler swept over him and a picture of Lawrence, the man, rose before him—haggard, with sad, pitiful eyes, and yet with so much of his youthful grace and ease.

The haunting strains broke in again:

"And mother songs of long gone years,
And baby joys and childish tears,
And youthful hopes and youthful fears——"

"And mother songs of long gone years!" He bowed his head and sobbed aloud.

"The same sweet sound of worldless psalm,
The same sweet June day rest and calm,
The same sweet smell of buds and balm."

Oh, it was no wonder that Lawrence longed unspeakably to go back to the beautiful old home, where no one, not even his father, knew of all his trouble and poverty; where he would be joyously welcomed and gently led back to peace after the ruin which the fever of his existence had left upon him. John thought of the brother's brilliant musical career; the old, common story of a rash marriage to a gay, heartless young singer,

whose mission had seemed to be to disgrace her husband and whose death had been only a relief. He well knew why Lawrence had not left the scenes of his misfortunes and made a new start; his old habit of dependence on his older brother and his boyish affection had never left him and he could not endure the thought of separation.

The voice was murmuring again:

"And up through memory's deep ravine,
Comes the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver Queen——"

With misty eyes, John Bay rose from his chair and blindly found his way to the stairs. He passed his brother at the outer door without seeing him and paused a moment to adjust himself to the atmosphere of the street. Lawrence, too, had heard and recognized the song and had stopped mechanically to listen. Now he started at sight of his brother and swiftly turned away. Still the persistent, plaintive music followed them as if relentless.

"Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long gone songs and flowers, and rain
Of dear old times come back again."

With a movement akin to frenzy Lawrence hurried away. Had he not been letting in that train till he sometimes thought he should go mad? "For dear old times come back again!" Nothing but Heaven itself would ever give back the lost chord of the music of those dear old days. And he was all unconscious that John, whom the last strain was driving like a goad, was behind him, muttering, "Please God, Lawrence shall know something better after this. I haven't kept my promise to our mother."

Lawrence was thinking of Maidie, his little daughter. "She will be getting lonely; I should not have left her so long. She will want me to play for her tonight. What will it be, I wonder?" Maidie always gave him his theme. He soon reached his shabby lodgings. He heard Maidie singing clearly, and his face softened when he reached the door and she sprang forward with her gay little laugh and caught his hand.

"I've found a beautiful poem for your music," she cried. Left much to herself, she read much, and child though she was, had conceived the notion of having what pleased her most "set to music," as she called it.

John had reached the house almost at the other's heels, and now stood a silent spectator of the scene within, not yet trusting himself to enter. "What is your poem, dear?" asked Lawrence, as he picked up his violin, a priceless old heirloom left from better days, and handled it lovingly. "Here it is. .It is called 'Break, Break, Break.'"

Lawrence read it over, though he knew it well. "How does it happen that we have never tried this before," he said, and began to play. Now plaintive, and sad and low, the spirit of it entered into him and he found relief in playing. Only his violin could utter the thoughts that arose in him. His life, past and present, came up before him, and the deep sorrow and longing which followed him constantly were revealed in his music. Against what crags had he not been beaten! What a wreck he was! "And the tender grace of a day that is dead, will never come back to me," moaned the deep-toned violin.

With a cry that set Maidie shivering and sobbing he dropped his violin and, completely overwrought, threw himself on his knees. Maidie shrank back, bewildered and half afraid, as her uncle John hurried in and knelt beside her father. "Lawrence," he whispered, with more than the old-time love in his look. Lawrence stared at him with dazed eyes, and broke out into wild, half-delirious wailing. "John, did you hear that? 'The tender grace of a day that is dead—dead'!"

"Come," said the other, gently; "come, Lawrence, let us go home."

CRITIC TEACHER VS. CALIFORNIA FLEA

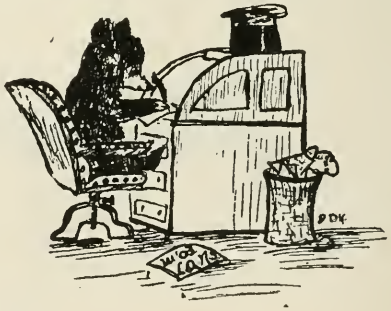
Critic teacher: O *dear* me. I am simply tormented with these fleas out her in California. I never dreamed that they ever could be such pests. Must be the fine climate; they grow like your vegetables and redwood trees.

Sympathetic Senior: Everyone notices how big and vicious they are this winter.

Critic teacher: "I have tried everything I can think of to kill them. I wrote home the other day telling our family about the expense of living in Los Angeles, and this is about the way the items ran:

One pat of butter	1c
Flea powder	35c
Stuffed pepper	3c
Pennyroyal for killing fleas	25c
Glass of milk	3c
Fleano	15c
Stuffed tomatoes	4c
Hyde's flea exterminator	50c

"You can imagine you are in a drug store when I come around. My transom is open and after I've retired I can hear the people in the hall pause and sniff and wonder 'if the gas is escaping,' and consult as to the advisability of calling some one. I just lie there and laugh, and so do the fleas. They come out and perch along in a row at the foot of the bed and grin, and I pat their little heads and get out the flea powder and stuff and think about 'Home, Sweet Home,' where the fleas are of a reasonable size. California is all right in some respects, but when it comes to getting a good night's sleep it can't compare with the place I came from."



SLOYD

"Fur's waitin' fer things is concerned, the's sech a thing as waitin' too long."

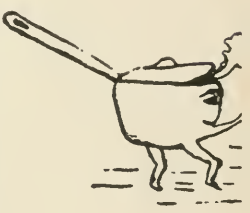
We are not told that David Harum ever attended the Los Angeles Normal and took the sloyd course, but he must have known something about it. Otherwise he could never have given utterance to a sentiment which, according to the eternal fitness of things, might rather have emanated from an applicant for Mr. Miller's much-to-be-desired "approved" stamp than from the jolly country banker and "hoss swapper."

That "approved" stamp—done in blue ink! Notice the picture, please. The people shown here are all bent on getting "approved," if such a thing lies within the range of human possibilities, or rather of sloyd possibilities, for approved sloyd modelers are—well, not inhuman, but well nigh superhuman. The solution of the problem would be to make this department a *mutual* admiration society. The trouble now is that while the students consider Mr. Miller an approved model, it is sometimes hard to get him to reciprocate. V. B., '03.

COOKING

Most people won't work unless they are driven to it, or unless special stimulus is applied.

A new spirit of energy and healthy good fellowship has been noticed since the advent of the intensely practical, comforting institution shown in these pages. Up here at the Normal, when any one afflicted with acute melancholia (commonly known as indigestion) propounds the question, which, according to Matthew Arnold, is the dominant note of this century, "Is life worth living?" the reply comes promptly, "It depends on the liver."



The management of the school knew this, and the cooking department came into existence, forthwith, a little over a year ago. The old cooking-room was delightful enough, but the new laboratory, with its modern equipment and spacious quarters, is all that could be desired.

It is a great pity that the lunch room was not photographed, too, for a jollier place it would be hard to find. The only people who are at all disconsolate are the ones who come too late to get anything to eat. The rest feel that it is good for them to be there, and are truly grateful to the two good ladies who superintend the department and contribute so materially to the welfare of the community.

SONNET TO A DISHPAN

(Lament from the cooking room.)

OH, DISHPAN, cursed of all cursed tin!
How I detest thy rounded gleaming shape!
And awful thoughts the sight of thee doth wake
In heart made weary by ceaseless din.
Oh, sad to see thee filled half to the brim
With soap water smoking as in wrath,
And table covered to its utmost rim
With dishes waiting for their frequent bath,
No matter if the time too short doth seem.
Ere school bell utters sharp its warning ring,
Thou dost not hesitate at all to bring
Thy claim for work amidst thy blinding steam.
Alas! That servant to thy irksome call,
Must woman live till death hath finished all.

CHEMISTRY

The chemistry lab.,
The square little lab.,
Mrs. English's lab.,
That we love so well.

Yes, this is *our* laboratory which is shown in the picture—our very own. It belongs primarily to the State (we trace all our

possessions back to the State in our senior year; secondarily to Mrs. English, Mr. Pierce, Mr. Pierce's dog, and to each and every student. When a lily-fingered Normalite gets H. 2, S. O. 4 on her hands, she doesn't weep and wail and gnash her teeth. Why? Because if she did, she might be casting reflections upon the behavior of *Our* H. 2 S. O. 4. When an equally dainty little Middler has to take every single bottle (there are several, as you know,) off the shelves and dust them with a damp rag, she counts them on her fingers and murmurs, "It's worth it; they are Ours."

When we have a recitation, and Mrs. English calls sweetly upon an unprepared member to read from her manual, that member turns hot and cold all in a minute. She is sure that litmus paper in her mouth would show reds and blues that would make Miss Laughlin's face shine. But she doesn't blame the genii of the chemistry laboratory, because they're *Our* genii, and as such are above reproach. Nor, wonderful as it may seem, does she blame Mrs. English. No blame is ever laid at the door of *Our* Mrs. English. If she were immortal she would be Minerva; she knows everything from squirrel poisoning to the composition of a symphony.

Of course she makes the class tremble sometimes; but what of it? Of course its hard to have our manuals written up all the time, but what of it? Of course we burn our hands in experimenting, but what of that? Nothing.

HORTENSE GIBBONS.

Did you ever have a pet aversion? I have. It's baby carriages. It's an awful thing to know that as soon as you get on the street you'll be spotted by a baby carriage. I'ts no use to keep an eye open for them. They always see you first. I've tried stepping into a doorway, but it's no use—the baby carriage steps in, too. It makes no difference which way you turn, the bobbling, wobbling carriage with the mean-eyed baby comes straight at you. What if one should get loose and come at me as fast as it wanted to? "Run down by a baby carriage!" I know just how the headlines will look in the paper. Think of it! Is there a more ignominous death? Nothing, unless it is to be run over by a pop-corn stand. It does no good to complain, but I'll never feel safe till baby conveyances are arranged on the airship plan.

R. P. W., '93.

MATHEMATICS

A WAIL FROM ROOM L.

I CAN scarcely bear to write on mathematics or mathematicians. Oh, for words to express my abomination of that science. if a name sacred to the useful and embellishing arts may be applied to the perception and recollection of certain properties of numbers and figures. Oh, that I had to learn astrology, or demonology, or school divinity—anything, so that I were exempt from this miserable study. Discipline of the mind! Say rather, starvation, confinement, torture, annihilation! I feel myself becoming a living personification of algebra, a living geometric proposition, a walking table of simultaneous equations and cube root (*cube root!*). All my perceptions of elegance and beauty gone, or at least going. By the end of the term, my brain will be "as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage." But *four years*—and ten weeks! I cannot endure the thought of what I have had to undergo. Farewell, then, Homer and Tennyson and Shakespeare.

"Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever reigns! Hail, horrors, hail,
Infernal world!"

How does it proceed? Milton's descriptions have been driven out of my head by such elegant expressions as the following:

$$\text{COS. } X = \frac{X2}{\lceil 2} \div \frac{X4}{\lceil .234} = \frac{X3}{23456}$$

$$\text{TAN. } \frac{AB}{\quad} = \frac{\text{TAN. A} \div \text{TAN B}}{\text{I-TAN. A} \div \text{TAN. B}}$$

To get a heartache daily, without acquiring one practical truth or beautiful image in return!

When I have finished—if that happy time ever comes—mathematics will be consigned to a deep, dark, unregretted, unmourned state of oblivion, with the above for a funeral notice and the following for an epitaph: "Here have the members of the winter class of '03 laid down their burdens of tears and burning words till time shall be no more." The monument will be an urn full of the ashes of old algebras and arithmetics, the coffin, a blackboard.

VIRGINIA BOTELER.

ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS? Normal School?" That is what one usually hears when he mentions athletics and Normal School in the same breath. But while Normal can certainly boast of no football or baseball team, it may well be proud of its basket-ball team. And really a basket-ball team is all that can be expected from a school having only twenty-three men to pick from.

The season opened this year with an "athletic evening" in the gymnasium Friday evening, November 7. The main feature of the evening was a match game of basket-ball between the Senior team and a team from the lower classes of the school. The "line-up" was as follows:

Seniors.		Lower classes.
Newsom (c)	forward	Ronan (c)
Gallup	forward	Ambrose
Leake	center	Ball
S. Howland	guard	Carner
Schweitzer	guard	Riddell

Mr. Newsom of the Senior and Mr. Ball of the school did exceptionally good work. The game was a very close one until about the last five minutes of the last half, when Mr. Newsom made three baskets in succession for the Senior team, making the score 20-10 in favor of the Seniors. Both teams were enthusiastically cheered by the excited "co-eds" who crowded the gallery. After the game some very enjoyable music was furnished by some friends of the school, the Misses Marjory and Meta Grasett, violinists, accompanied by Misses Marjory Brown and Della Sutton, pianists. Mr. Laurence Morgan gave a vocal solo. The "Trouble Trio" sang some comic songs, and Mr. Geoffrey Morgan gave a Japanese grotesque dance, which completed what was voted the most enjoyable evening spent in the Gym. for some time.

Shortly after this game the Athletic Association elected the following officers: President, Mr. S. Howland; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Stayton; Track Captain, Mr. Ball; Basket Ball

Captain, Mr. Newsmo. Mr. Newsom was authorized to select a first team from the school, and the following team was organized after careful thought: Newsom (c) and Ball, forwards; S. Howland, center;Carner and Ronan, guards; Schweitzer, sub.

Another game was arranged between the same teams for the evening of November 26, but as two of the team did not "show up," two training school boys were substituted, Abel Garner and Von Spencer. They both played well, but were much too small and light for the men they played against. Mr. Kuehney was substitued in the other team in the place of Mr. Ambrose, and while he lacks the skill in throwing at the basket, he plays a much faster, harder game, so the team lost nothing by the change. Mr. Kuehney is a new man and a very promising player. The line-up in this game was:

Newsom	forward	Ball
Schweitzer	forward	Kuehney
Spencer	center	Ronan
Howland (c)	guard	Carner
Garner	guard	Riddell

The game was fought from start to finish. About ¼ min. before time was up the score stood 18-17 in favor of the Senior team, when Mr. Ball threw a basket but made a foul at the same time. A dispute arose, the school team claiming the point and the Senior denying the claim. It was decided to play one more basket and let that decide the game. Mr. Ball made one point on a foul, thus making the score 18-18. They played for another basket and the school team won out with a score of 21-18.

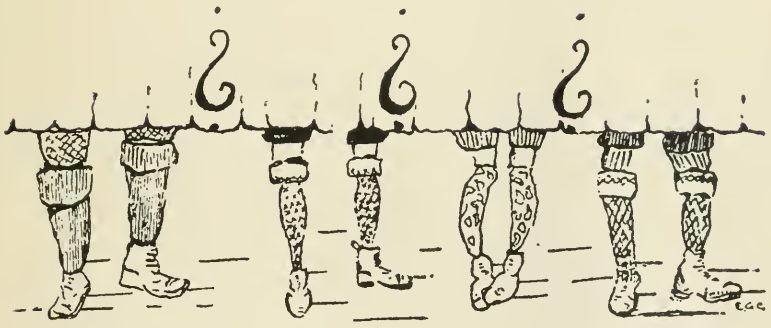
The rest of the evening was taken up with a comic song by Mr. Morgan and obstacle and relay races by the training school boys.

The basket ball team has been doing some hard practice work and expects to play some outside teams soon. A game has been arranged with the "2nd Tigers," and one is being arranged with the alumni.

A second team has been organized with Mr. Riddell as captain. The men are:

Ambrose—forward.
Kuehney—forward.
Busemeyer—center.
Riddell—guard.
Schweitzer—guard.
O. Howland—substitute.

The boys have begun training for the annual field day and expect to make some points in the running events, as there is some good material in the school.



NORSE MYTHOLOGY

WHAT IT IS AND HOW USED IN THE GRADES

OUTLINE

I. Introduction.

II. What it is.
   1. Compared with the Greek Myths.
   2. Sketch of the Eddas.
   3. Divisions of the Norse Mythology.
      (a) Creation and Preservation.
      (b) Exploits of the Gods and Heroes.
      (c) Ragnarok and Regeneration.
   4. Ygdrasil.
   5. Valhal.
   6. Thor.
   7. Ragnarok.

III. How used in the grades.

IV. Conclusion.

LIST OF BOOKS CONSULTED.

Siegfried and Beowulf.

Fritjof and Roland.
Zenaide A. Ragozin.

Norse Mythology.
R. B. Anderson.

Norse Stories.
Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Myths of Northern Lands.
Guerber.

Gods of Our Fathers.
Stern.

Wonder Tales from Wagner.
Anna Chapin.

Balder Dead.
Matthew Arnold.

Echoes from Mistland.
Forestier.

Saga of King Olaf, from Tales of a Wayside Inn.
H. W. Longfellow.

Classic Myths.
Gayley.

Heros and Heroworshippers.
Thomas Carlyle.

Siegfried the Volsung..
Morris.

Den Norska Mytologien, from Den Kunskapsrike Sholmastaren.
Carl Rosander.

"Wake again, Teuton's Father ages,
Speak again, beloved primeval creeds;
Flash ancestral spirit from your pages,
Wake the greedy age to noble deeds."

—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE Norse Mythology as set forth in the two Eddas, the Bible of the North, contains the nucleus of the history, philosophy and poetry of our ancestors. It reflects their religious, intellectual and social development in the earliest period of their existence. The cosmogony and theogony of these barbarians, together with the exploits of their gods and heroes, followed by the destruction and regeneration of the world, are so fully told in the original Eddas that they form a most complete system of mythology. With the introduction of Christianity by the Christians from Rome about the twelfth century, the ancient gods were deposed and their places assigned to devils and witches.

It is interesting to notice how the forces of nature have appealed to the primitive peoples in different parts of the world. Although separated in time and space and differing in native

temperament and natural environment, all nations have striking similarities in the main conceptions of their mythologies. The Oriental nations, the Greeks, and the Norsemen all have essential features in common in the story of creation. The comparison can be traced still further between the Greek and the Norse systems. Odin, the Norse God of Wisdom, corresponds to Jupiter, the Father of the Gods in the Greek mythology. Balder, the Summer God of the North, resembles the Greek Adonis. Frigg, the Mother of Balder, compares with Aphrodite, mother of Adonis. There is also a resemblance between the two Thunder Gods, Thor and Zeus.

Against these resemblances in the main outline there are some marked contrasts in the handling and characteristics of these groups. The Norse is a mythology of strength; the Greek, of beauty. The Norse of action; the Greek of repose. The Norse is grand and tragical; the Greek voluptuous and frivolous. All the sagas in the Norse Mythology point to one central theme; the Greek stories are separated into groups more or less scattered.

The Norsemen also had a vague idea of a supreme God who was above all other gods, and from whom all things came. This god was held too sacred for vulgar lips to mention. The rhapsodist, Hyndla, in the Elder Edda, has it as follows:

"Then comes another
Yet more mighty;
But him I dare not
Venture to name.
Few further may look
Than to where Odin
To meet the Wolf goes."

All these sagas of the North were sung by the skalds, or poets, of each succeeding generation who lived in Iceland, and in this way were handed down and preserved through the Middle Ages. Finally these songs were gathered in two volumes, each called "Edda." The existence of these two volumes was first discovered in Skalholt, Iceland, about 1643 by the bishop, Byrnhjulf Svendsen, who sent them to the King of the Danes

for publication. The songs of the Elder Edda were compiled by Saemund the Wise (1056-1133). The Younger Edda, which is really an interpretation of the Elder Edda, was written by the intelligent and highly educated *lagman* (judge), Sven Sturlasson, about 1200 A. D. Both of these original sources have since then been worked over by different Scandinavian authors, notably among them the Dane, Nyerup and the Swede, Godecke, who have each published an edda.

The original Elder Edda consists of thirty-nine books in alliterative verse. The first book, the Voluspa (vala's prophecy), is the oldest poetic monument of the North. In it the vala sings an awful song of the birth of gods and men; of the great Ygdrasil, or tree of existence, and concludes her lay with the terrible Ragnorok, the twilight of the gods.

The second song in the Elder Edda is Havamal (Song of Odin), which contains a complete code of Odinic philosophy, morality and wisdom. It resembles the proverbs of Solomon more than anything else in existence. A few lines from the close illustrate this:

> "Cattle die; Kindred die;
> We ourselves also die;
> But I know one thing that never dies,—
> Judgment on each man dead."

In the remaining books are sung variously the wisdom of Odin, the trickery of the mischievous Loki, the strength of Thor, and the death of the gentle Balder.

According to the Eddas, the world-drama is divided into three acts: The Creation and Preservation; The Life and Exploits of the Gods; and Ragnarok and Regeneration. These divisions are dedicated respectively to the three norns; Ur (the past), Verdandi (the present), and Skuld (the future), who preside over the destinies of gods and men.

Ygdrasil is the most noble conception and finished myth in the whole realm of pagan literature. Whether considered in regard to beauty or to depth of thought, it has no equal in all the

systems of mythology. It is the tree of life and symbolizes all lines of progress in all times of human existence.

Thus the Elder Edda:

"An Ash know I standing
Named Ygdrasil,
A stately tree sprinkled
With water, the purest;
Thence came the dewdrops
That fall in the dales;
Ever blooming it stands
O'er the Urdar fountain."

How beautiful is a large tree! How typical, how near to nature! It is Nature, itself. What could be more simple, more comprehensive? And yet it is wonderfully elaborated and extends throughout the whole universe. Its mighty branches reach out and over-shadow the whole world, while its crown towers up to heaven. The three main roots of Ygdrasil penetrate into far-off regions; one to Asgard, the dwelling place of the gods; the second to Jotunheim, the home of the giants; and the third to Niffleheim, the lower world, where darkness and death reign. The base or trunk of the tree stands in Midgard, the abode of man. At the first-named of these roots is the Urdar well, the fountain of time, whose waters are so pure and sacred that anything plunged there-into becomes white even as the inner film of an egg-shell, which these people called *egg-hinna.* At this fountain preside also the three norns, Urd, Verdandi and Skuld, who have the power to foretell events and fix the fates of gods and men. These norns water the roots of the tree from the fountain in order to keep its leaves from withering. At the second of the roots is Mimer's well, the fountain of wisdom, whose water lends unlimited wisdom to those who drink thereof. It was in this fountain that Odin pawned his eye for a draught of water. At the third root is the fountain Huergelmer, in which lies the terrible dragon Nidhugg, whose sharp teeth are unceasingly gnawing the root in order to cause the branches to wither. Thus the Elder Edda:

"The tree Ygdrasil
Bears a sorer burden
Than men imagine.
Above the stags bite it,
On its sides age rots it,
Nidhugg gnaws below."

In the topmost branches sits the far-seeing eagle. The squirrel Ratatosk, runs up and down the trunk, carrying messages and trying to engender strife between the eagle of light and the serpent of darkness.

Spanning the space between heaven and earth is a bridge called Bifrost (rainbow) over which the gods travel on their visits to Midgard. Over this bridge are also the heroes slain in battle transported to Valhal, the Hall of Odin in Muspelheim. There they continue indefinitely their previous happy life of glory and feasting. Those who die "under a sooted beam," that is, in a peaceful manner, are not permitted to share the glories of Valhal. To this belief are attributed the fearless courage and recklessness of life in battle which later made the Norseman feared as the Lion of the North.

Thor is in many ways typical of the Norse hero. He is straight-forward, courageous, and of fierce temper. With him no pretentions at grace and beauty are made. His irate and boastful disposition is well shown by a few lines from the Challenge of Thor, in the Saga of King Olaf, by Longfellow:

"I am the god Thor,
I am the war god,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

"Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Mjolmer, the mighty.
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!"

Thor was the son of Odin, and next to him, the mightiest of all the gods. Mjolner (the crusher), his weapon, crushed everything it struck and then returned to the hand of the owner of its own accord. When the thunder god buckled on his belt and wore his iron gloves, his strength, which was already great, was redoubled. When provoked to anger, no enemy could withstand his fury. The story of Loki's theft of Sif's hair and his consequent punishment illustrates the righteous indignation and awful wrath of Thor. In his peaceful mood, Thor symbolizes mainly the useful and practical industries of life, especially the work in metals and mechanics.

For exquisite beauty and elaborate detail of each separate myth Norse mythology easily yields the prize to Greek. But when we speak of deep significance and intrinsic power the Norseman points quietly at Ragnarok, the twilight of the gods, and the Greek is silent. Ragnarok, the third act in the world-drama of Northern paganism, is the crowning scene and a fitting close to the grandest and most gigantic world-drama of heathendom. The sullen Joermungander, the Midgard serpent, lashes the sea into foaming billows, which rise above the banks and seek to encroach upon the land. Loki in a last frantic struggle breaks his bonds. The Fenris Wolf is turned loose and swallows the sun and moon, plunging the earth into darkness. The heavens are rent asunder and the stars fall to the earth.

Through the rent in the sky came the Sons of Muspelheim surrounded with flames led on by Surtar, who carries a sword brighter than the sun. The bridge, Bifrost, melts away under their advance. On the plain of Vigrid the Sons of Muspelheim meet the gods in deadly conflict. In vain Odin seeks counsel at Mimer's fountain. The horns have sealed his fate. Nothing daunted, he leads the onslaught with his horse, Sleipner, and his spear, Gungner, assailing the fierce Fenris Wolf in single-handed combat. Thor, fighting at his father's side, attacks the Midgard Serpent and closes with him in a fight to the death. The huge worm spews out streams of venom which poison the sea and land. Thor in triumph deals the death-blow to the snake, but dies, himself, from the effect of the poisonous fangs of the worm. Frey, having lost his sword, falls at the hands of Surtar. Odin

is swallowed by the Fenris Wolf; but Vidar in revenge destroys the wolf by stepping on his lower jaw and grasping his upper jaw, thus tearing him asunder. Loki and Heimdall fight and kill each other. Soon the whole world is aflame and Curtar is victorious. Vidar and Vale are the only survivors against both water and flames. Then comes the Regeneration, which begins with the creation of a new heaven and a new earth.

The myths of the Teutons have been and still are comparatively little known among us, their descendants. It has been customary in our schools to present to the children the Greek mythology first, and perhaps to make only a brief mention of the existence of a Norse creed in closing the subject. This condition of affairs is being rapidly changed. Instead of being engrossed with Southern antiquities to the exclusion of those in the North, the student now shares his attention between the two. This is a well-deserved recognition of the Norse, but it is not enough. The Norse Mythology should not only be studied, but it should come *first* in the curriculum; and it already holds the preference in many leading up-to-date schools. The Norse deserves this preference, not only because it embodies the beliefs and superstitions of our forefathers; not merely because it is the key to the social development of the Teutonic nations that are descended from these Norsemen; not because it is the beginning and the end of the long chain of evolution leading up to American History and its institutions;—no, not *primarly* for all these reasons, true and weighty as they are;—but mainly because the Norse Mythology has more worth in itself than any other system; because of its moral educative value for children in the grades, is it given the first place in the curriculum. Our ancestors were a chaste people and their high ideas of truth, justice, and courage are reflected in their stories. The sincerity and unity of these stories furnish the essentials of a large, solid foundation. This crude, rugged simplicity of conception render them especially well adapted to young children of immature minds. In this respect, then, though the Greek stories are by no means to be neglected, the Norse stories logically come first in the curriculum, in agreement with the order of the culture epochs. The Greek stories properly come in later and furnish excellent material for culti-

vating the aesthetic taste. The predominating action characteristic of the Norse story agrees with the intense activity of young children; while the repose of the Greek story appeals to more mature minds.

The story of Siegfried the Volsung, or the Rhinegold, appeals to children if taken, not as a lesson in morals, but just for their own appreciation. Better still, let the teacher tell the story to the children in his own words. The particular story chosen must in each case be adapted to the experience of the children and the words used must be carefully chosen within the range of their vocabulary. The child-mind demands something of this kind upon which to exercise its imagination, and these simple and vigorous stories are welcomed with delight. The teacher, herself, should be literally steeped in the story to present it in the most live and interesting manner. The teacher must be in sympathy with the characters in the story and with the children, so that they may not only understand the narrative, but also *feel* the significance of each situation. Then there will be an alternating series of hopes and fears, joys and griefs, likes and dislikes, rising and falling in undulations according to the scenes of the story.

In the higher grades these Norse stories lay the foundation for an intelligent interpretation of the social and political institutions of the peoples from whom most Christian nations are derived. We are to get an insight into the life, customs, and beliefs of our forefathers through the study of the literature based on their mythology. Those only, who have a fair knowledge of the Norse myths can read and appreciate fully the great national epics, such as the Anglo Saxon Beowulf, the Swedish Frithjof Saga, the German Lay of the Nibelungs, the French Lay of Roland, and the Finnic Kalevala. How can we get the full measure of benefit and uplift from the grand Wagnerian opera —such masterpieces as Tannhauser and Lohengrin—without a knowledge of the myths on which they are based? Many great artists of Teutonic stock have received their chief nourishment in youth from the wierd folklore of the North, and their inspiration from its rugged scenery. Ole Bull was a stalwart mountaineer who lived close to nature and enjoyed, in youth, those

delicious fireside tales of the Northmen. Shakespeare was not fed on the delicate ambrosia and nectar of Greece, nor was he suckled by the Roman she-wolf. His youthful strength was supplied from the milk of the cow, Adhumbla; his god-like poetic wisdom by copious draughts from Minner's fountain.

When we remember that even our own Longfellow enjoyed the scenery of the Northland and refreshed himself more than once from Mimer's fountain, then we begin to look forward to, and hope that a school of Norse philology and Norse antiquities will ere long flourish on the soil of the Vinland of our ancestors; and that there is a great future not far hence when Norse Mythology will be copiously reflected in our elegant literature and in our fine arts.

Victor Anderson.

CHILDREN'S PLAYS

NEARLY all the observations recorded in this paper relate to the play activity of three children, one of whom, in particular, showed considerable versatility. These children are cousins and near neighbors. Carmen and Woodville belong to the same family and are the only children. Ward is the youngest of six children, five of whom are boys. Carmen is six, Woodville five and Ward twelve. Ward has always lived in town; Carmen and Woodville, most of their lives until now, in the country. At present, all have the same playground environment, for Ward's home is the center of attraction to the entire neighborhood of children. Here they have the use of a lawn, a shady back yard, and a small barn with nothing in it except their theatrical paraphernalia.

The trees and pleasant back yard suggest spontaneous, romping games; they enjoy climbing the pepper trees, swinging, or rolling over the grass when they can think of nothing better to do. When children of Ward's age come to the house, they play games learned from others, such as Hide and Seek, Prisoner's Base, Leap-frog, Humpty-Dumpty, and so forth. These are the games played at school and the boys naturally renew them. One decidedly popular amusement, peculiar to this neighborhood, the

building of huge bonfires, is indulged in on warm, bright nights. After executing Indian war dances, rag-time and clog dances around it for a time, they settle down to roasting potatoes, singing songs, and spinning yarns—grewsome ghost stories, thrilling adventures, pranks at school.

Carmen and Woodville join in these games when the older children will allow it, but usually play alone or with Ward. Carmen plays with dolls as most little girls do, and Woodville, having a decided mechanical turn, has any number of engines and tools, which he uses with considerable skill.

A secret organization, whose precocity proved its early ruin, sprang up among the boys of the neighborhood and flourished vigorously for a time. The society, whose real name was never divulged, met at the home of a boy, who, while of good family and a friend of Ward's, had never been one of his visitors. Ward joined the "club" without his mother's knowledge, but he, being frank and outspoken, and possessing a tender conscience besides, soon let the whole thing leak out, and was obliged to withdraw. The only officer in the society was a president pro tem; the only rule, "keep mum;" the only games, cards, dice and crokinole. The boy whose home was headquarters has older brothers, who probably gave him his ideas. What became of the leader was never told, but the society is no more, and, so far as is known, no similar enterprises have since been started.

In dramatic plays, Ward is an adept. He is never happier than when managing other children or getting up a "show." He has planned and successfully carried out many circuses, parades, plays, and concerts. One play was "Carrie Nation and Her Hatchet;" the specialties and side-shows were original, with, however, much vivid local color. Where the boys got all the details is not known, but the general idea was drawn from current history, local and otherwise.

A month or two before the play was given some Quaker doctors held forth on the streets not far from the school-house. They advertised their medicines in speeches, songs and general buffoonery, which the boys witnessed in passing to and fro. They, of course, lost no time in imitating the performance, and adapting it to suit the occasion. The whole affair was elabo-

rately planned and carefully rehearsed, but kept secret till all was ready.

The barn referred to above did duty as theater, but only the families of the players and a few privileged friends were admitted. The invitations were colored tickets with the price of admission—one cent—conspicuously printed on one side. The theater had been suitably fitted up in honor of the audience. A few chairs for the older people were provided, and planks set on boxes served as benches for the general public. A drop curtain of burlap hung from one of the rafters and lamps and lanterns were arranged around the walls, for this was no matinee performance.

The orchestra—banjo, French harps and drums—rendered the overture. This was followed by a vocal solo from Ward, entitled "The Ram of Babylon." A series of comic rhymes and dialogues, adapted from the Quaker doctors, served as curtain raiser, and then came the crowning effort of the evening, "Carrie Nation and Her Hatchet."

The play was a one-act farce; dramatis personal, five boys; scene, a saloon. A long board did duty as bar, and sweetened vanilla water in old medicine bottles, as liquor. Ward acted as saloon-keeper, and the boys drank and swaggered with a realism and abandon most surprising and disconcerting. They clinked their glasses, and staggered and sang, until the audience with one voice suggested a change of scene. The players ignored all suggestions, however, and the fun was waxing fast and furious when the crash came. Shouts and tramping were heard outside, the door was burst open and in rushed an apparition in a flapping sombrero, baggy blouse, and a long skirt, which, under masculine management, swirled and flew, stirring up clouds of dust and nearly tripping its wearer. The newcomer flourished a hatchet and poured forth an unintelligible flood of malediction. Cries of "Carrie! Carrie! Run for your lives," arose and the tipplers made wild efforts to escape. They were aided by "Mrs. Nation," who seized each one by his collar and hustled him out with emphatic and memorable parting salutes. "She" then turned her attention to the saloon, and the crash of broken bottles, the gurgle of escaping "mountain dew," and the thump of over-

turned bar and card tables drowned the gale of laughter, mingled with half horrified exclamations, from the audience.

From time to time Ward gathers up aquaria of tadpoles, worms and frogs. The last collection was kept in a small, unused horse trough in the corral. Ward called it his "live stock" and made out an inventory, a copy of which I was lucky enough to obtain. It runs as follows:

10 tadpoles with tails on.
6 tadpoles with tails off.
3 big toads.
1 large hair snake.

For some mysterious reason, the colony soon died out. It may have been the inventory which killed them.

Woodville's mechanical tastes have been referred to before. Nearly everything he does shows his bent. He collects old iron bars and bracket work, and carefully cherishes anything in the shape of a wheel, from hair springs and clock works to bicycle rims and carriage wheels.

Ward and two or three other boys of about the same age read Palmer Coxe's "Brownie" books last summer, and drew therefrom the idea of a Brownie Band of their own. The philanthropic play-work of the little people seemed to appeal to the boys particularly, and when they started out, it was with the intention of imitating them in their "angel of mercy" acts. Their spirits often got the better of them, however, and what began as work generally ended in a romp. The Brownie Band operated only when the evenings were warm and the moon was bright. The Brownies flew about on tiptoe, and talked in whispers. They mowed the lawn, picked weeds and clover from the grass and flowers, swept the walks and cleared away dead leaves and the cut grass—all tasks which cause complaints and groans in the prosaic light of day. When tired of this, they make up an orchestra with the ever-present banjo, mandolin and French harps, and serenade their relatives or the neighbors. Or they build a bonfire and dance around it in imitation of elves. As usual Ward is ringleader, and, as in the case of Tom Sawyer, it is a significant fact that it is always in his yard that the good goblins work.

THE ISLAND OF SAMOA

IN THE Pacific Ocean there is an island called Samoa, which helps to make up that division of Oceanica called Polynesia.

The Samoan group is composed of three large islands: Savaii, Upolu and Tutuila, and of five smaller islands, which make a total area of about three thousand square miles. In the year 1886 these islands had a total population of about forty thousand inhabitants.

Savaii, the westernmost and largest of this group, is about forty miles long by twenty miles in width. Its formation from all appearances seems to be volcanic.

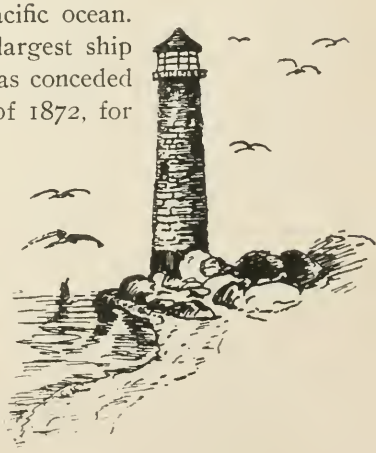
Upolu is ten miles east of Savaii, its area being some five hundred and sixty miles. This island is perhaps the most important of the Samoan group. It is a beautiful land with fertile soil traversed by mountains three thousand feet high. It has a great number of volcanoes, and a number of fertile and beautiful valleys. Most of the volcanoes of this island have become extinct and the three craters have in some curious way been transformed into deep and beautiful lakes.

Apia, the principal city of the islands, also the seat of government, is situated on a bay of the same name on the northwestern side of Upolu.

Forty miles eastward, we came to Tutuila, a mountainous island nearly a hundred miles in circumference, with a population of about eight thousand.

The interior of this island is so thickly wooded that it forms a kind of jungle and is rarely visited even by the natives.

On the southern side of this island is the entrance to the beautiful harbor of Pago Pago, which being sheltered by nature, there being mountains on one side and a perpendicular wall of solid rock fifteen hundred feet in height on the other, it affords a safe harbor for ships during the hurricane season. This haven is one of the most important harbors in the Pacific ocean. It is capable of sheltering from the smallest to the largest ship and is of the utmost value as a coaling station. It was conceded to the United States by King Malietoa in the treaty of 1872, for



the purpose of maintaining a naval station at that point, and, for a number of years our ships when cruising in the South seas have drawn their supplies of coal from this place.

Sixty miles east of Tutuila three of the minor Samoan islands form a group which is commonly known as the Mannua group. The people of this group are less intelligent than those of the other Samoan islands. They have a king of their own and do not submit to the authority of the other islands.

The Samoans are the most intelligent of all Pacific islanders, are as a general rule gentle and willing to learn and since the missionaries went over there in 1830 they have striven to advance in religion and to build churches and missionary schools.

The government of Samoa is a limited monarchy, presided over by a king and vice-king, and since 1873 by a kind of parliament composed of chiefs, a body which is divided into an upper and a lower house and known as the malo. In the year 1873 Malietoa Lanpepa, the noblest born of all Samoans, was proclaimed king, and was recognized by England, Germany, and the United States. Tamasese, a high chief, was chosen vice-king at the same time.

Malietoa's reign was quiet and peaceful until 1884, when through some conniving of the Germans war was caused and the old king was dethroned by the commander of a German squadron and transported to one of the Solomon islands to end his days as a political exile.

Our interest in the Samoan islands has been as one of the three treaty parties, England, Germany and the United States, to see that no disposition of the native government be made without our assent, and our possesion of the port of Pago Pago as one of our chief coaling stations. It was affirmed in 1878 also that the United States employ its good offices for the purpose of adjusting any differences which might occur between the Samoan government and any other government.

Fannie Harley, W. '03.

THE LITTLE END OF THE HORN

THE boys all thought Jim Stewart a greenhorn when he first came to college. On the first day he entered, two Sophomores, with disastrous indiscretion, knocked his hat off, since he, as a "happy fresh," refused to comply with the unwritten law of the college, that compelled Freshmen to do honor to Sophomores.

Stewart was muscular.

He was elected class president when it became generally known that he had picked up two of the best Sophomore football men and had cracked their heads together.

The Sophomores, sadder and wiser men, temporarily, at least, did not openly resent the insult, but concluded to study Stewart for a while and measure their strength with his. Though from "out West," Stewart showed an astonishing shrewdness about some things, but an incredible innocence about others. His greatest weakness was that he completely lost his head over the president's daughter. The boys all had the same ailment, more or less, but they stood much in awe of the haughty lady, and considered Jim Stewart's devotion a great joke and their main recourse in paying up old scores. Of course the time for doing this would be on Hallow'een, the only time when a daring practical joke could be "a deed without a name."

Stewart was notified, unknown to the president's daughter, of course, that that lady wished to speak to him for a moment in the north hall at eight o'clock. "Aha!" quoth one of the conspirators, with a mock tragic air, "he will forget the day, he will forget discretion, he will forget the Sophomores, he will send a sonnet to his 'cold, bright star.'"

At about half-past seven, shadowy forms might have been seen flitting mysteriously around in the upper north hall. A great pail of ice water was balanced over the bannisters, and fastened so that a pull on a cord would send the contents upon any one passing below. These preparations completed, the conspirators retired to wait for their victim.

Stewart's little pug dog, his pet and constant companion,

strolled by, and, forgetting prudence, one of the boys made a grab for him. Alas! Pug was in for play and frisked about, finally seizing the cord fastened to the ice-water arrangement.

Over went the water. A feminine scream rang out, followed by a stream of maledictions uttered in a masculine voice. The boys rushed to the railing in wild dismay. The stern college president with his dignified daughter stood below, drenched and gasping, while Stewart's triumphant champion jumped around them, howling with delight. V. B., '03.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

A MOONLIGHT night is the most beautiful part of all creation. It is a great pity that everything cannot be as interesting and impressive and beautiful in daytime as at night. Moonlight, like charity, casts a mantle over the disagreeable and emphasizes the agreeable. Next to music, nothing is such a refuge from harrassing thoughts and surroundings, and so restful and soothing. A rush of feeling nearly lifts us from our feet as we step out into the moonlight of a California night. We can more analyze our feelings than account for them—we can only find relief in noting the details of our surroundings.

In California, we are in no oppressive, stifling heat at night; the cool wind from off the sea occasionally reaches us. A flood of brilliant yellow light lies over everything. The great, full moon has risen over the mountains, and trees and bushes throw deep shadows over the lawn. Just before us a field is transformed into a forsaken, mysterious place—surely Robin Hood and his band will soon come stealing out from behind yonder clump of trees.

Now and then a stray breeze comes wandering across the lawn, lifting the grass and bending the roses. The moon gleams on the palms and tips the great cypress branches with silver. A little bird taking his bath in a pool of water in the grass flutters and splashes.

At first we are not conscious of a sound except those of nature, but soon the life all around us begins to stir and intrude.

A hound bays. The ringing chatter of a mandolin breaks out; as the sound grows more distant, however, it is sweet and merry.

The best friend to have is a mocking-bird—one really well-disposed will sing for you all night long. Our chorister has single star shines, revealing plainly our "wildest of singers." chosen the very tip-top of the tallest tree, and just behind him a He murmurs to himself for a little while, then shakes a perfect flood of music from his small throat. He goes back and sings to himself again, catching the same thought as before. He is like the "wise thrush" who "repeats each note twice over, lest you should think he cannot recapture the first fine, careless rapture." With a sudden thrill he spreads his wings, and sways on his lofty perch, bending the slender branch many feet back and forth in a perfect rapture of song. He is probably joyous; why has his music been interpreted "eternal passion, eternal pain?"

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SPIRITS OF DEPARTED SLANG

At the thirteenth stroke of the clock on February 31, in the year of our Lord 2000, a solemn company marched to the ruins of what was once known as the Los Angeles Normal. Nor did they pause till seated round the ancient tables of the library.

The leader, a large man arrayed in flowing toga, we recognized as "Great Cæsar's Ghost." He rose and thus addressed the assemblage:—

"Friends and fellow spirits, we are met tonight too initiate into our circle of brotherly love any spirit who's time on earth is up. Firstly, to preserve the order and dignity of this meeting it seems necessary to reseat some members. 'Don't get gay,' take thy seat between 'More Fun' and 'Nit.'"

So spoke the mighty spirit and his word was law. Then the roll was called. Three members were absent, "Holy Moses,' "Didjew Ever Getleft" and "By George."

"Verily, I am 'up a stump' to know wherefor these absences. Eli, 'speed thy feet' and 'make track's to find where these absent ones may be." So spake 'Great Cæsar's Ghost,' and as

he requested, Eli passed from their midst with the admonition from Mr. Johnson to 'get there!'

"Mr. Johnson," spake Great Cæsar, "how of't must I say to thee—'Mr. Johnson, don't get gay?' By the great horn spoon, it seems there is no matter but you must needs 'spout' upon it. Verily, thou art a cipher with the rim knocked off.'"

And soon now Eli returned saying: "Great Spirit, here am I."

"Speak thy word," said the Great Ghost. ..

"I have searched and found the three missing members. 'Holy Moses,' though it grieves me sore to 'squeal', was 'up a stump' 'talking through his hat' on the strike question. 'Didjew Ever Getleft', in his hard-heartedness, is at the Santa Fe station 'joshing the actors' who missed the train. And, saddest of all, 'By George', our young George, the pride of our age, is on the corner making 'goo-goo eyes' at a 'regular peacharina.'

Then rose the Ghost and said unto the spirits: "Ye have hearkened unto the words of Eli; let us now have brought forward the spirits this night to be initiated."

No sooner were the words spoken than out from that awe-inspiring recess know in the past as Miss Dunn's office, came they who sought admission to this company. They were two in number, the first tall and spiritual, the second short and beaming.

The foremost was called before Cæsar's Ghost, who then addressed the company in tones full of sympathy for the spirit who had recently left the world of suffering:

"Spirits, you doubtless recognize this one. Observe his neck, its length and texture; he is known as 'Rubber Neck'. Observe his clothes—they are thread-bare; such was his popularity on earth. His story is a sad one. 'He has seen better days.' 'Rubber Neck', I must needs ask you a Biblical question before you are seated. Answer this: 'What did Lot's wife turn to before she turned to salt?'" And 'Rubber Neck' answered and spake: "She turned to rubber."

"Verily," said the Ghost, "thou art a 'wise guy.' Take thy seat."

"Next I bring before you 'Hot Time', he who was the

friend of my youth; he who caused the atmosphere to rise by his presence. 'Hot Time', thou art a friend of mine, and I will ask thee no Biblical question. But answer me, cans't thou give fitting name to the time those who talk in 'Miss Dunn's Hall' enjoy?"

"Oh! my noble friend, Cæsar, I can give no better name than my own—'Hot Time'."

"'There may be others,' but 'you'll pass in a crowd.' Now, take thy seat. But 'Hot Time', sit not too near 'Rubber Neck', for, verily, I do abhor the odor of burning rubber. And now, my friends, let us 'get off the earth,' and 'go up in smoke.' It seemeth well to be on earth now, 'but oh! what a difference in the morning!' Come, let us 'hump' ourselves and 'hike' away ere the fair dawn doth tint the sky with faint flushes of automobile red."

R. P. W., '03.

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It has been said that this is a dramatic age. An instance was observed the other day which, while it did not *prove* anything, brought the above staement to mind. Two little six-year-olds in the training school had a falling out during a field lesson in nature study. Beatrice twitched at the sleeve of the senior in charge with the complaint that "Kennan is throwing dirt all over me." Instantly the offending Kennan whirled around, drew himself up haughtily and frigidly remarked, "My *dear* Alphonso, I *think* you are mistaken."

Senior: "Who is Uncle Sam?" '

Enterprising first grader: "Oh he is that great big man that owns the United States."

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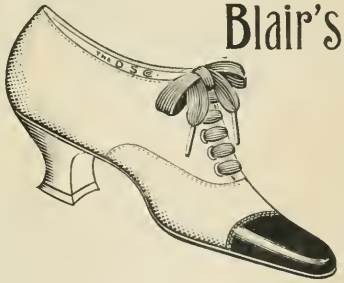

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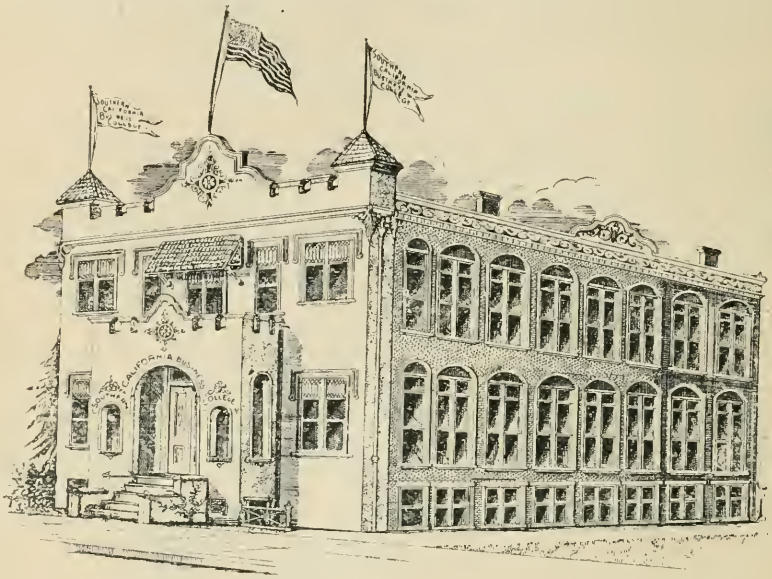

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All laughed
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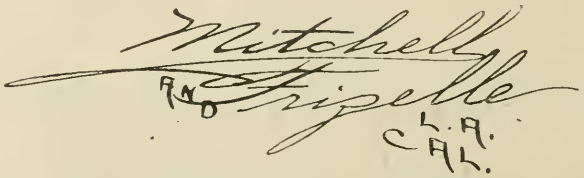

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"How very pretty," observed Mr. Newsom, during his recitation in English, "how very pretty Kate looks this morning!" The other members of the class were somewhat surprised at this open protestation, until they found he was only reading a sentence from the book!

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